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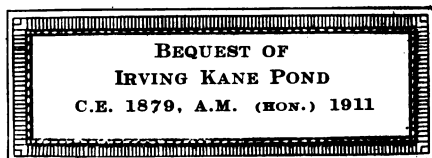
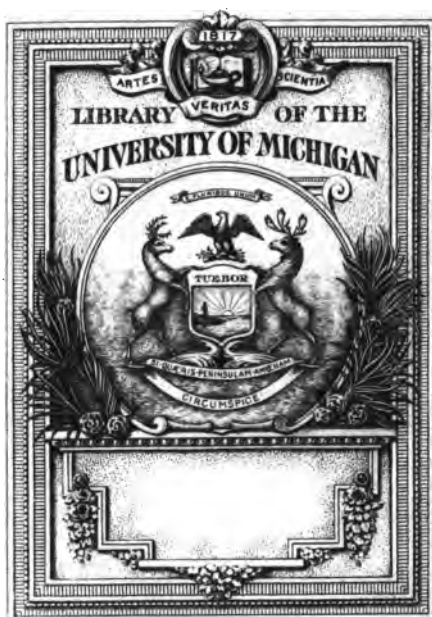
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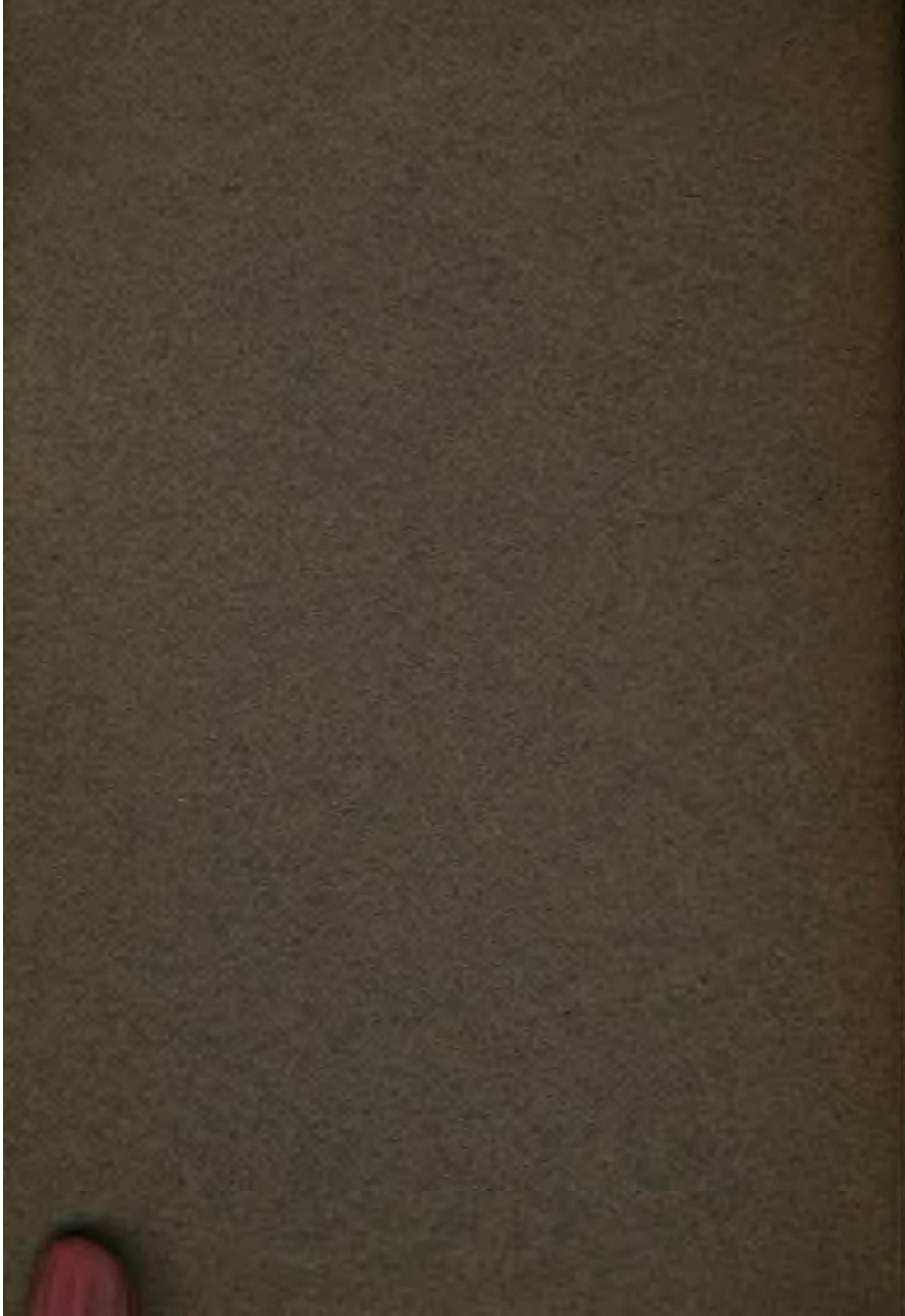


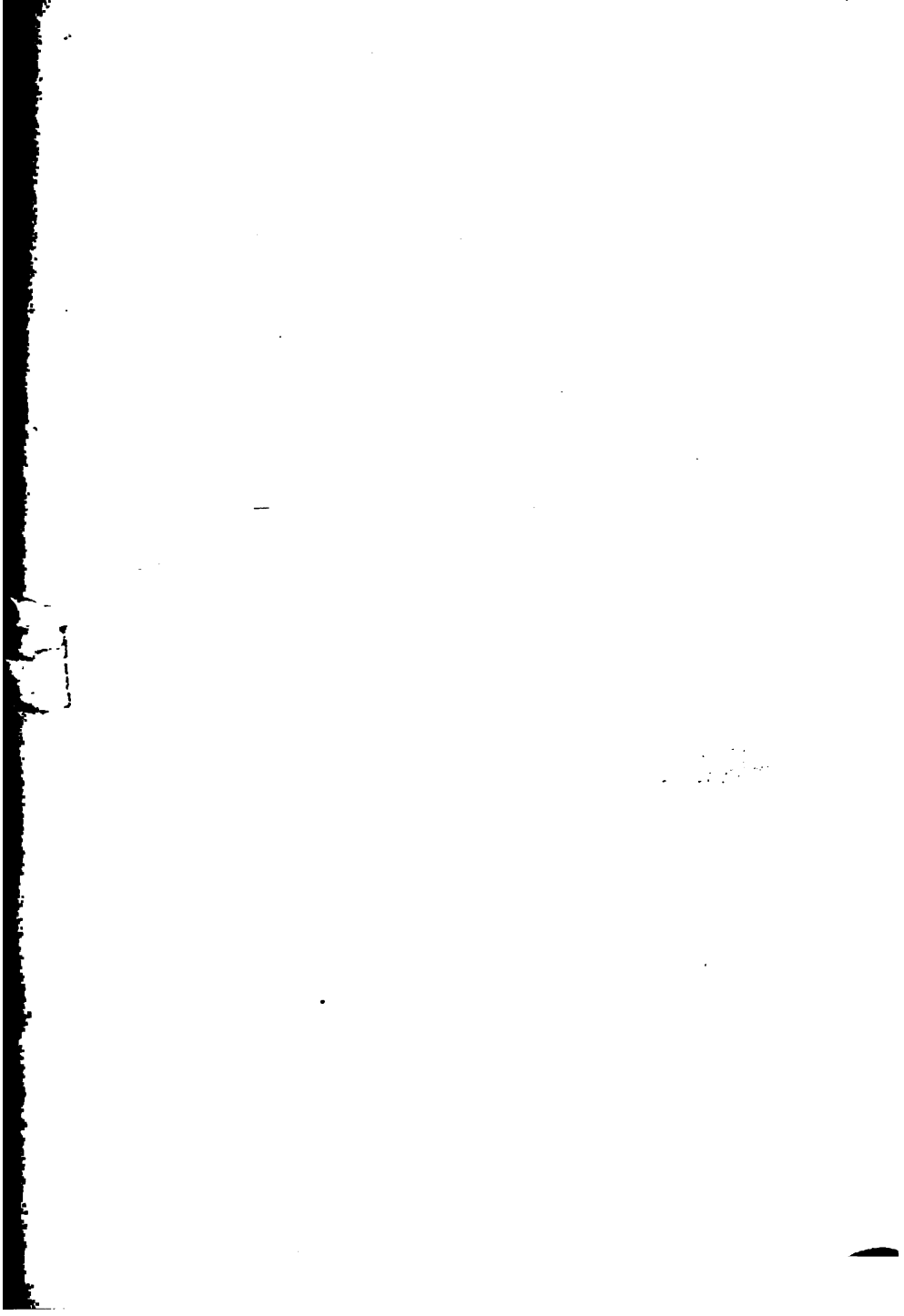
The
Daimio's
Head

6

A Masque
of Old
Japan







THE DAIMIO'S HEAD

A Masque of Old Japan

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS &
KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN



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The Daimio's Head

CHARACTERS

Buchi, A Badger-Man, a good goblin.
Kobayashi }
Shimidzu } Gentlemen tea-drinkers.
Uta }
Yasu } Dancing Girls.
Funakoshi, a young Samurai.
O Toyo San, a Princess.
Asano }
Oishi } Counsellors of the Daimio of Sendai.
Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Daimio of Sendai.
An Attendant.
A Fox Woman, a wicked goblin.
Hokusai, an Artist.
His pupil.
A Magistrate.
First Priest }
Second Priest } At the Temple of Kitoji.
The Abbot of the Temple.

The stage is set with a great screen representing the sacred mountain; paper screens are shifted to represent the various places in which the action occurs. Before the opening of the play, a line of screens extends across the front of the stage. When the audience is seated, a gong is struck and the "Director of the Theater" parts the center screens, and stepping forward addresses the audience. He is dressed in the costume which he will wear as Buchi in the play and carries the false head representing a badger-goblin under his arm.

THE DIRECTOR—Most honorable people, I salute you!
I have made a play.
It is a play of Old Japan.
It is a play of filial piety and just revenge.
It will instruct the young in the courtesy due to an honorable enemy,

And the old will renew from it their sympathy for the
loves of youth.
Give me your honorable attention.
I celebrate the sacred Pilgrimage of a young and
dutiful princess.
I rehearse for you how she meets and binds to her
service a young Samurai,
How together they take the life of a powerful prince,
her father's foe,
How they bear his head with humility and reverence
to the grave of her father,
And how they are guarded on their journey by a
Badger-man, a good goblin—
An unseen spirit in the service of her father's honor-
able ghost.
The lady is O Toyo San, daughter of the Daimio
Sugihara of Kitoji.
The young man is Funakoshi.
The Daimio, whom they kill, is Matsudaira Mutsa
No Kami, Prince of Sendai.
The Goblin, the Badger-man, is one Buchi.
When the screens part, you will honorably imagine a
tea garden in the Spring.
You will imagine the floating cherry petals.
You will see Funakoshi, loitering with dancing girls.
Presently will come O Toyo San, led by the invisible
Buchi.
Funakoshi will befriend her.
At first she will look upon him with contempt.
But hold! I must not tell you everything.
With your honorable permission, the play shall begin.
*(He claps his hands. The porters take away the screens
and he withdraws with them.)*

SCENE I

The scene is a tea garden. Kobayashi and Shimidzu are seated together at the extreme left. Funakoshi is reclining on his elbow at the extreme right. Uta sits beside him with a stringed musical instrument in her hands. Yasu kneels upright beside him. The other tea house girls, dancers, etc. kneel or stand behind Funakoshi and are giving their entire attention to him to the complete exclusion of the other guests.

KOBAYASHI—This is shameful service. (*Claps his hands.*)

Hi, Hi, Bring us some tea at least.

SHIMIDZU—They flutter about like little foolish butterflies.

KOBAYASHI—Tush, don't you see the flower that draws them?

Look over there. (*Points to Funakoshi.*)

SHIMIDZU—He has a noble look.

Is he a young prince?

KOBAYASHI—Poof. He's a Ronin, a swash-buckler, a bravo out of service. (*Claps his hands.*)

Hi, hi, Bring us some wine and cakes. (*They are served at last and subside.*)

YASU—(*To Funakoshi.*)

The dance pleasures you no longer?

Shall I sit down beside you, Master?

FUNAKOSHI—Sit down beside me, little flower. (*Yasu sits down.*)

YASU—You are sad.

I would blow your sadness away with the breath of my fan!

What shall I do to blow your sadness away?

FUNAKOSHI—Dance for me the Dance of the Last Snows of Spring.

UTA—We have danced it twice and you have not even smiled.

FUNAKOSHI—Sing for me the Song of the First Snows of Autumn.

YASU—It is a sad song. I will not sing it.

UTA—I think he is in love!

ALL THE GIRLS (*clapping their hands*)—Yes, yes ; he is certainly in love.

FUNAKOSHI—Yes, I am in love.

YASU—With whom are you in love?

(*O Toyo enters. No one notices her.*)

UTA—She must be very cruel!

FUNAKOSHI—I love you all. I fear I love you too well;

I love your wine;

I love your dances;

I love your soft arms about my neck.

YASU—If you love us, you should not be sad.

FUNAKOSHI (*catching sight of O Toyo*)—Who is that? Who is that standing by the gateway?

ALL THE GIRLS—Oh! Oh! Oh! See! See!
(*They run to O Toyo and crowd around her.*)

O TOYO (*timidly*)—I have trodden the road for a day, Nay, for two days, and have tasted food but once. I pray you give me food.

YASU (*approaching O Toyo*)—Your clothes are soiled with walking, but they were once very fine. They are the clothes of a lady, the daughter of a lord or a prince.

UTA—I think she must have stolen them.

O TOYO—I go upon a holy pilgrimage. I pray you feed me.

UTA—Listen to her order us about!
She is a dancing girl run away from her master.
We will get into trouble if we take her in.

O TOYO—I will sit down. Bring me some rice and tea.

YASU—My fine lady, you shall go into the kitchen and eat with scullery maids,
And when you have eaten you shall dance.

FUNAKOSHI—Be quiet!

(*To O Toyo*)—Honorable lady, I beg you to accept the service and protection of an humble gentleman.
Here are some cakes and wine and rice.

O TOYO—I thank you. (*She seats herself.*)

UTA—(*To Funakoshi*)—A moment ago you loved us, unfaithful one, and now you take up a dragged runaway,
An Eta, for all we know!

FUNAKOSHI—Peace! Look at her!
Can you not see that she is well-born?

YASU—Does a well-born lady go running about the country without attendants?

Beware, my lord Funakoshi, she is a goblin or a Fox-Woman, come to bewitch you.

If I had my way, she should be pitched out again into the road.

FUNAKOSHI—Be quiet! Leave the lady in peace.

O TOYO (*coldly*)—I thank you for your kindness.

FUNAKOSHI—Your voice is like a chilly little wind speaking among the stalks of frozen flowers.
Have I angered you with my presumption?

O TOYO—I can but thank you.

FUNAKOSHI—You honor me with your thanks.
But I am not a common man.

I am a Samurai, the cadet of a great house.
You do not demean yourself in talking with me.

O TOYO—I am weary. I must beg you to let me eat in silence.

(*Buchi, who has entered with O Toyo, has remained by the gate. He is supposed to be invisible. He now*

*steals up behind O Toyo, strikes a grotesque attitude,
and speaks over her head.)*

BUCHI—They do not see me. I am a spirit—a goblin.
No one sees me.
I am a puff of wind.
I pass unseen, unheard. I can do all things.
But I am kind. I shall guard the little Lady.
Her father was my friend. I shall guard her well.
Already this young man loves her.
Her image trembles already in his sight like a young
moon trembling in a mirror of steel.
I have led her to him that he may do her service.
I shall bind him to her service.
I shall bind him to her as a wise armorer binds armor
upon the body of his lord.
Hist!

FUNAKOSHI—Will you not tell me your name? Even
your name would seem a chime of bells,
A chime of gentle, golden, twilight bells,
Rung from a scarlet shrine.
*(O Toyo shakes her head, looking from him to the dancing
girls.)*

At least I may look upon you,
Even if you will not speak, I may look upon your
face.
The pleasure of looking upon your face is like the
pleasure of looking upon a pool of lotus in the gar-
den of the Tycoon.

O TOYO (*more gently*)—Sir, I have been discourteous;
I humbly beg that you forgive me.

FUNAKOSHI—Again she has spoken and it is like the
tinkling of silver rain in a basin of water-lilies.

O TOYO—Your face is kind, your voice is gentle.
Can it be that your face is only a mask,
Your voice only a samisen?

FUNAKOSHI—I know not what you mean, but speak
to me again.

O TOYO—Just now when I came in, these dancing
girls, these butterflies,

Spoke to you as one speaks to a familiar,
One who has loitered often with such as they.

FUNAKOSHI—Lady, you shame me.

O TOYO—Is there no service for your sword,
No splendid vengeance which you brood upon,
Waiting your time?

FUNAKOSHI—Listen!

That you may know me not so base as I appear.
My hand is held from a bloody deed of the most honorable nature,
Only by most unfortunate circumstances.
I pray you to believe me an honorable gentleman.
Because—forgive me—I love you.

O TOYO—Honorable Sir,
I appreciate your courtesy.
You have not inquired into my present circumstances.
Alas, they must seem to you strange, if not un-
maidenly.
I go upon a most imperative mission ;
I go upon a pilgrimage of filial piety.
I must not think of love.

FUNAKOSHI—Lady, I am the dust of the road under
your little sandals,
Yet, I am presumptuous.
I pray you let me go with you.

O TOYO—I go to seek the life of my father's slayer.
The spirit of my father cannot rest.
I am the last of his house.
There is no hand but mine to avenge him,
No hand but this pale little hand,
Which can hardly lift a dirk,
Yet, he shall be avenged,
And I shall carry the head of Matsudaira,
Of Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Daimio of Sendai, to
the Temple of Kitoji.

FUNAKOSHI—But this Daimio of Sendai, he is a great
lord.

O TOYO—I shall carry it, all the way in mine own hands,
And I shall place it with fitting ceremony upon the grave of my honored father,
And his spirit shall be at peace.

FUNAKOSHI—He will be guarded close.

O TOYO—He will not fear a woman—

FUNAKOSHI—Now the high gods and the spirits of my ancestors be praised
I have found worthy service.
I may go with you, Little Lady of Heaven?
Say that I may go with you.

O TOYO—You may go with me. (*They join hands.*)

BUCHI—You see she has taken his hand,
O Toyo San has taken the hand of Funakoshi,
And his heart trembles at the touch of her little hand.
It is shaken as the leaves of a fortunate tree are shaken by the wings of the happy birds.

While he walks beside her, the land will swim with sunshine.

But as yet she, the little lady, thinks only of her pilgrimage.

The road is long which leads to the castle of the Daimio of Sendai

A march of days and days,

But they are already upon the road.

Poof! Behold! I have blown the days away,

And O Toyo San and Funakoshi are come already to the castle of my master's foe.

When the screens are taken away, you will see a room in the castle;

You will see the Daimio of Sendai;

You will see him with his counsellors.

You will hear wise words and pious regret for an evil act.

Presently will come O Toyo San demanding justice.
But I must not tell all the story. Attend—

(*He claps his hands and the porters withdraw the screens.*)

SCENE II

When the screens part, Matsudaira, Asano and Oishi are seated in the center of the stage. The Daimio faces the audience and the counsellors are on either side of him facing each other.

ASANO—My lord, we are men of little wit.
In what shall we offer counsel to Matsudaira Mutsa
No Kami, Daimio of Sendai.

THE DAIMIO—Age comes upon me in stealth.
He gnaws my heart like a rat.
And I may not strike him down.

OISHI—Age is a well of wisdom.
Your people shall drink wisdom at the well of your
old age.

THE DAIMIO—It may be true, Oishi,
But of late I have come to feel that my ancestors are
displeased with me.

ASANO—How may that be?
My lord has been most scrupulous to do them all
fitting honor.

THE DAIMIO—That is true; I have built them no less
than five temples and forty-two shrines.
I have let no enemy of my house escape.
Yet, my sleep is crowded with the most terrible
dreams.

OISHI—It may be that my lord is bewitched by some
goblin.

THE DAIMIO—It may be as you speak it, Oishi,
For I have, indeed, been dutiful to my ancestors.
I have lived a life upright beyond that of most men.
The gods have small cause for anger against me.
Yet, I am minded of one act in which I was not with-
out blame.

ASANO—My lord, we cannot imagine it.

THE DAIMIO—Thirty enemies of my house have I
put to death,

And in no case, save one, have I failed in any point of consideration due their rank.

In this one case, I did a greivous and discourteous thing.

OISHI—My lord, we cannot imagine it.

THE DIAMIO—Yet it is true.

And the anger it hath made must be very terrible, for now that I have grown old, it shakes my sleep from me.

Listen to my speaking.

I did have just cause to require of one Sugihara of Kitoji That he render up his life.

He was brought before me and did honorably acknowledge my right to his head.

He was a brave man. I should have done him honor. I should have hired a shrine and provided mattings of fine straw,

But I was drunken with the fighting,
I was bewitched by discourteous demons,
I forced the dirk into his noble hand.

He slew himself by the roadside

And his august head fell and was soiled by the dust of the road.

Wherefore, I am harried in my age and am a shaken old man.

(Enter an attendant from the right.)

ATTENDANT—Most exalted and honorable Daimio.

THE DAIMIO—Speak.

ATTENDANT—A Lady of the military class begs speech with my lord, that she may obtain justice.

THE DAIMIO—Let the Lady enter.

(The attendant withdraws. Enter O Toyo, Funakoshi and Buchi. Oishi and Osano at a sign from the Daimio withdraw to the sides of the stage. Funakoshi and O Toyo take exactly the positions formerly occupied by the counsellors. Buchi remains by the entrance.)

O TOYO—Most exalted and honorable Daimio of Sendai,

Men speak in far countries of your justice and wisdom.
I have come far to obtain justice.

THE DAIMIO—Honorable Lady, my ears are open.
Do you desire the death of an enemy?

O TOYO—I desire the death of an enemy.

THE DAIMIO—It is well.

O TOYO—I desire that you hear me,
And that you bear witness to the justice of my requirement.

THE DAIMIO—It is well. I will judge your plea
And if your requirement be of a just and honorable nature

You shall seek vengeance under my protection. Speak.

O TOYO—I present to your august Lordship my most
humble and dutiful thanks.

I am the daughter of a once powerful prince.

I am the last of a ruined house.

No man of my family lives to bear sword or spear.

My honorable father was put to death and his lands
and houses and goods were confiscated.

Hear me, my lord.

I do acknowledge the justice which required the life of
my father,

But the spirit of my father will not sleep.

He walks abroad and cries out to me from the shadows
of my dreams

For when he had made ready to die,

My father was denied the rights and ceremonials provided by the sacred law,

And being dead, his honorable body received not the
consideration due his noble rank.

THE DAIMIO—This is a terrible thing.

I pray you make known to me the circumstances.

O TOYO—My father's enemy, a powerful Daimio,
With archers and bowmen and spear bearers, did come
upon my father's people and slay them.

Then was my father brought before the Daimio and
did honorably prepare to die,

Asking that a shrine be prepared,
And that mattings of fine straw be provided.
But the Daimio was bitter with hatred.
He was bewitched by the demons of anger and discourtesy.
He would not listen.
My father gave up his life like a common man in a ditch,
And his head was soiled by the dust of the road.
Therefore, the spirit of my father cannot rest,
And the hatred will not die,
And the gods must be appeased with the blood of
Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Daimio of Sendai.
His head must lie as a peace offering upon my father's grave.
Most honorable prince, I have spoken.

THE DAIMIO—Aye, aye. (*Nods.*)
Age comes upon me.
I have lived at courts. I have seen and heard too much.
I am weary with the aching of old wounds.
Moreover, my ancestors are displeased with me.
Honorable Lady, I do acknowledge the justice of your purpose.

FUNAKOSHI—And now, my lord, I do most humbly beseech your lordship to perform hara kiri.
I, myself, shall have the honor to act as your second.
I shall with all humility and reverence receive your head,
And the honorable lady will bear it with her own hands to the Temple of Kitoji.

THE DAIMIO—Your desire is just and courteous;
It pleases me to accede to your desire. (*To the two counsellors.*)

Oishi—Asano—You have heard.
When the ceremony is done, the honorable lady may depart in peace.

THE COUNSELLORS—We have heard

THE DAIMIO—Most Honorable Lady, I commend your filial piety and evoke the protection of the gods for your pilgrimage.

O TOYO—I most humbly thank your august lordship for your honorable condescension.

(Asano and Oishi return with porters bearing a shrine and matting and everything needful for the ceremony. The Daimio performs hara-kiri, and his retainers then bear his body into the rear apartment. Funakoshi draws his sword and follows them. Buchi steps to the doorway and speaks.)

BUCHI—They treat his honorable body with consideration.

Ha, ha, his honorable head falls upon the square of oiled paper.

Funakoshi has struck a clean blow.

Now Funakoshi has put the head in a box. Hist, he is coming out.

(Enter Funakoshi followed by Asano and Oishi. Funakoshi bears a box which he presents to O Toyo. They go out, Oishi and Asano kneel beside the door of the rear apartment. Buchi runs to the front of the stage and the porters draw the screens.)

You have seen the first task accomplished.

My master's enemy is dead, but it is far to the Temple of Kitoji.

The retainers of the Daimio of Sendai have allowed them to depart in peace,

But they have exacted a receipt for the head of their master,

And the head of the Daimio of Sendai must be returned with honor to his own people.

It must be returned before the new moon.

It must be returned safe that fitting rites may put his spirit at rest.

That the anger may die and the house be at peace.

Therefore, the pilgrimage must be made in haste.

The way is beset with demons and Fox-women and strange foes.

Now, O Toyo San and Funakoshi are upon the road.

They have trodden the road with little rest.
But now we have come to a pavilion in a barren place;
O Toyo San is weary and must sleep.
Behold!
(*He claps his hands and the porters withdraw the screens.*)

SCENE III

The place, as Buchi has explained, is a barren spot by the roadside, in the night. A screen, called a pavilion, is on the stage.

(*Enter O Toyo, carrying the head of the Daimio in a box, and Funakoshi.*)

O TOYO—Funakoshi, my friend, I can go no further.
Let us honorably rest ourselves.

FUNAKOSHI—Little pearl of Delight, it shall be so.
But here is a barren moor.
We are far from any house.
You shall sleep and I shall guard you well.
But I cannot let you sleep in the dust of the roadway.
I will carry you further.

O TOYO (*looking about her*)—Here is a pavilion.
Let me set down my holy burden, and do you light
me lights,
That I may pray to my ancestors.
Then I will sleep with my head on the box which
holds the head of the Daimio,
And when I am rested again, we may go our way to
the Temple.

(*He sets up the screen, and lights small lamps on the box, before which she kneels and prays.*)

Oh, spirits of my father and my mother,
And of all my thirty thousand ancestors,
Do you guard me well,
And guard well this box into which I have put the
Daimio's head.

And I will bring it faithfully to the Temple.
But now I am weary and would sleep. Sayonara.
(*She curls up around the box and goes to sleep. Funakoshi puts out the lights and moves the screen to surround her.*)

FUNAKOSHI—The night is black, and this moor is as bare as death.

I would guard her whom I love,
But I pray me no goblins nor unkind ghosts may come by us tonight

(The Fox Woman appears, following their tracks.)

And I pray all my fathers that no thief shall come,
nor any evil men,

Nor any Cat or Fox People to do us harm,
For this is a holy pilgrimage that we make;

It were ill if anyone should hinder us, since our time is so brief.

THE FOX WOMAN *(Behind the pavilion from Funakoshi.)*

I see that here is a place where I may work mischief,
For I can lure away the young Samurai,
Where the Fox People can torment him.

Can make them lose the head of the Daimio, whereat
there will be great anger and hatred in the land,
Such as our people love more than everything,
And afterward I can come back and eat up the little lady.

But first I shall put on her likeness, to lure away the Samurai. *(She goes behind the screen.)*

FUNAKOSHI—Did you speak, little lady of the flower-like hands?

THE FOX WOMAN *(putting out her head)*—I pray thee be silent, mighty guardian.

FUNAKOSHI—She is wearied beyond the gates of rest.
My heart misgives me that I have let her come so far without pause or sleep.

(The Fox Woman comes out, disguised as O Toyo.)

THE FOX WOMAN—Funakoshi, I am wearied of this journey, yet I cannot sleep.

I would have you take me away.

FUNAKOSHI—Whither, little flower of twilight?

THE FOX WOMAN—I would go with you to some lonely teahouse,

That we may rest.
I would have food, and see dancing,
And forget this task of carrying the old Daimio's head.

FUNAKOSHI—But what of your father's ghost, and of
your pious revenge?

If you do not carry the head to the Temple,
The feud will go on, and men will be killed,
And the land will shake with hatred.

THE FOX WOMAN—It is plain that you do not love me.

FUNAKOSHI—I swear it by the trooping souls of my
forefathers,
By my two swords.

THE FOX WOMAN—Then come with me.
We will throw this accursed box into a well,
That we may be free to take our way among the gar-
dens and the flowers.

FUNAKOSHI—Little lady, this a strange saying,
Yet your voice makes me as water that falls from
mountain, trembling.

*(Buchi appears speaking from the air behind the pavilion.
The Fox Woman has led Funakoshi away to the side
of the stage.)*

BUCHI—Beware, Funakoshi, beware.
This is a goblin, a Fox Woman who lures you.
This is not the little lady.
If you follow the Fox Woman, your lady will perish.

THE FOX WOMAN—Why do you start so, Funakoshi?

FUNAKOSHI—I heard a voice that spoke to me.

THE FOX WOMAN—There is no one here to speak to
us. Let us go on. I am afraid.

BUCHI—It is well she is afraid.
Take your sword, Funakoshi, and strike off her head.
You will find when you have done that, that she is a
red fox,
And not your lady at all.

THE FOX WOMAN—Come away, Funakoshi.
You hear nothing but the wind on the moor.

FUNAKOSHI—I hear the voice of a ghost who is faithful to my little lady.

If you are a Fox Woman,

I command you, before I slay you with my sword, to declare it to me.

I command you by the River of the Dead.

(He seizes her hand, and looks in her face. She screams and struggles free.)

Your hand is a paw with red fur upon it,

I will slay you.

(As he draws his sword, she runs back to the pavilion.

He follows her, sword uplifted. She runs behind the pavilion and out on the other side, her likeness to O Toyo gone, and her face again changed to the face of a fox. Funakoshi loses her in her flight, and returns to the pavilion, which he takes away from its place. O Toyo is disclosed sleeping as before.)

O TOYO (*Wakening*)

Funakoshi, my friend, I have slept and am rested,

But I have dreamed of a red Fox Woman.

Did you slay her?

FUNAKOSHI—She has run away into the night.

Will you sleep longer, little flower?

O TOYO—I will not sleep longer.

We must hasten to the Temple.

Let us go on, for the road is long before us.

FUNAKOSHI—The road is long to the gateway of the second Temple, where love dwells

I am eager for the end of our pilgrimage.

Let us set forward. *(They go out.)*

BUCHI—You see, honorable people, how Love may triumph over deceit and witchcraft.

You see how I, Buchi, have rescued the brave Samurai and the little lady.

I have rescued them from hideous danger,

From the Fox Women that bewitch the heart and devour the body,

And again they are upon the road.
But there are hills to mount, and valleys to cross and
villages to pass,
And men of diverse sorts to be encountered.
Poof, I have blown the hours away,
And behold! They are come to a fair spot where they
may rest themselves.
When the screens part, you will see the sacred mountain,
And you will honorably imagine fair shade trees and
cooling wind.
Presently will come an old man, a maker of pictures,
And to him O Toyo San will unwisely dissemble as to
the nature of her burden.
Whereupon will follow a droll predicament drawing
to a serious issue.
But I must not tell all the story. Attend.
(*He claps his hands and the porters set the screens.*)

SCENE IV

A roadside shrine, looking toward Fuji.

(*Enter Funakoshi and O Toyo, with the box.*)

FUNAKOSHI—Honorable lady, we must pause for some refreshment.

O TOYO—I am hungry, but the time of our pilgrimage is so brief. I must not stop.

FUNAKOSHI—You must rest for a moment, and eat these cakes; then we will go on to the Temple.

O TOYO—I am filled with fear, lest the Daimio's people come for the head before I have laid it upon my father's tomb. The hour approaches when they may claim it again, and I must render it up.

FUNAKOSHI—That is true. But I will not have this pilgrimage in vain. You shall first place it on your father's grave. I have sworn it by my two swords.

O TOYO—We have still three valleys to cross, and nine villages to pass. If no man stops us, we may arrive safely.

(*Enter Hokusai and his pupil. They seem displeased to find O Toyo and Funakoshi.*)

FUNAKOSHI—Light of the morning, I have this to say. Let us tell no one of our destination. Let us dissemble this head, and speak no longer the truth about it until we are come to the Temple. Thus we shall escape from those who would delay us.

O TOYO—I will do as you think well, Funakoshi, but I fear me we may deceive awkwardly, and may be the worse delayed.

FUNAKOSHI—Leave to me the dissembling. I am a master of lies.

O TOYO—It shall be so, mighty guardian.

HOKUSAI—Most humbly I beseech you, lady with the box and my lord with the great swords. I am a poor man. I am an artist. I was drawing for a print of the sacred mountain, and you are sitting where I must sit. I pray you move.

FUNAKOSHI (*assuming an aspect of great pride*)—It were more fitting, old man, for you to wait till the honorable lady has eaten and rested.

HOKUSAI—What you say is true, but I fear me the mists may come up and conceal the mountain. I am unhappily compelled to pray your lordship augustly to forgive my entreaty.

FUNAKOSHI—The high born and honorable lady is not accustomed to such demands.

HOKUSAI—My lord, anger comes upon me, with the fear that the mists may cloak the mountain. I am not myself accustomed to such contempt.

FUNAKOSHI—Little old man, it is nothing but contempt that one of your class may expect from us.

HOKUSAI—I am not so sure of this. I do not know you, nor the lady, if you be honorable people. You are strangers, and it is not usual for great ladies to sit eating by the wayside.

FUNAKOSHI—Old man, I may not endure this presumption——

O TOYO (*interrupting*)—I pray you, Funakoshi, dissemble. Do not quarrel with him.

HOKUSAI—Since you are strangers, I have some right to question you. Who are you, and what have you in that box?

O TOYO—Now let me hear you, if you can honorably dissemble.

FUNAKOSHI—I admit your right, old man. It is not usual in these villages perhaps, that honorable ladies go with only one attendant. But in our own place, in Kitoji, it is an every-day matter.

HOKUSAI—Ah! It is common in Kitoji.

FUNAKOSHI—It is the universal practice—in Kitoji.

HOKUSAI—That is very strange. I lived in Kitoji for nine and twenty years and I never once observed it.

FUNAKOSHI—Honorable sir, you are very old. This must have been many years ago. The cherry trees in Kitoji do not now remember your face. Customs change.

HOKUSAI—It may be so, in Kitoji. But you do not answer me when I question you. What has the lady in that box?

FUNAKOSHI—The honorable lady has in that box—though I do not admit that it is necessary that I answer you at all—she has in that box a—a—teapot.

HOKUSAI—(*Claps his hands and calls his pupil to him, whispers an errand and sends the pupil away.*)

O TOYO (*to Funakoshi*)—Now you have angered him. It is not a fortunate thing honorably to have said we carried—a teapot.

FUNAKOSHI—The honorable lady carries a teapot to her grandparents for a gift that their souls may hold her in loving memory when they are dead.

HOKUSAI—And what are the names of her grandparents?

FUNAKOSHI—It is not for you insolently to inquire; it is not seemly; for her grandparents are both of them old and feeble—older even than yourself.

HOKUSAI—I will cease from questioning you for a moment. I am not so old, and I have a great deal still to learn about my art, so I pray that I may for many years be spared. For I have set myself to make six and thirty prints of the sacred mountain.
(*He looks off stage impatiently.*)

And I would not have my hand nor my eyes fail me.

O TOYO—Let us set forward, Funakoshi.

HOKUSAI—Wait. I have still much to tell you. I have to tell you of my art, and all that I know about it; and of many other matters.

FUNAKOSHI—We cannot wait.

HOKUSAI—The venerable grandparents will live a little longer. Let me speak.

FUNAKOSHI—We cannot pause to listen.
(*Enter the pupil with a magistrate, followed by guards.*)

THE PUPIL—Here are the two, august magistrate, and my master believes they are the ones who are guilty. Though I think rather that the man only is guilty, and that the lady is held in distress by the man, who is plainly a fellow of little consequence.

THE MAGISTRATE—These are the two, old Hokusai?

HOKUSAI—These are the two.

THE MAGISTRATE—Of what do you accuse them?

HOKUSAI—I accuse them, my lord, because they have as good as admitted the possession of it, and because they are vagrant people and strangers, and because they are even now sitting on the very spot

where I must sit to make my picture of the sacred mountain. I accuse them of stealing my blue teapot.

FUNAKOSHI—This is most outrageous and insulting—

THE MAGISTRATE—The man defends himself unwisely.

O TOYO—Have a care, Funakoshi.

THE MAGISTRATE—Did you not admit that you have in that box a blue teapot?

FUNAKOSHI—Not a blue teapot, my lord. The thing we have in this box is white and red—not blue.

THE MAGISTRATE—This man is an artist. He should surely know if the pot is blue.

FUNAKOSHI—But my lord, what we have here—

THE MAGISTRATE—Be silent. I have decided the point. Hokusai, you can prove that you had a teapot stolen?

HOKUSAI—Very easily. My apprentice knows it well.

THE MAGISTRATE (*to the apprentice*)—You testify to the truth of what your master says? For if I am to punish this man and this lady, it must be with full justice.

THE PUPIL (*hesitatingly*)—Surely my master's teapot has vanished, my lord.

THE MAGISTRATE—The case is a clear one, but I shall not myself pronounce sentence. The Daimio of this province will be in our village twenty days or so from today, and it would please him better if these matters be left to him. Therefore, I will lock up these two until he comes, and the case may then be tried fully. Take them away and lock them up.

FUNAKOSHI—My lord, this is not to be endured. There is nothing against the honorable little lady. You cannot lock her up for nothing.

THE MAGISTRATE—Oh, yes. I can lock her up till the Daimio comes; then if she has done nothing wrong, he will give her full justice.

FUNAKOSHI—But she is on a holy pilgrimage.

HOKUSAI—A holy pilgrimage—taking my teapot to her grandfather.

THE MAGISTRATE—I have heard enough of this teapot. Lock them up.

O TOYO—Tell them the truth, Funakoshi.

THE MAGISTRATE—Do not let them speak together. (*The guards part them.*)

FUNAKOSHI—Hear me, most excellent and august highness. We have not told the truth. This lady has in the box not a teapot, but the head of the venerable Daimio of Sendai, and she is bearing it to the Temple at Kitoji that it may lie on her honorable father's grave. Her time is brief and the Daimio's people will hold it a heavy shame if the head be not brought back, for we have given them a receipt for the head, and have bound ourselves to return it.

THE MAGISTRATE—This is quite another matter. But how are we to know which is truth?

FUNAKOSHI—We will open the box, and you shall see the head. And then we must go on at once, for we have tarried here too long.

THE MAGISTRATE—Open the box.

O TOYO—This is not possible, most exalted one. It were most discourteous to the Daimio to bring out his head by the wayside, to show it to curious villagers. I will not open the box.

THE MAGISTRATE—In that case, the box contains a blue teapot, and I must hold both till the Daimio comes.

O TOYO—Most exalted one, I throw myself at your feet. I take upon me the dust of the roadway. I prostrate my soul before you. This is a most ruinous sentence, and my ancestors will be terrible in their anger against me. Let me go on to the Temple. I will pay this man the value of ten teapots. I will pay your exalted highness the value of a hundred. Only let me go on to the Temple.

THE MAGISTRATE—This is an affront to me—this offer of money. I can have no pity upon you.

FUNAKOSHI—Arise, O Toyo San, and go on. I will clear you the way with my sword.
(*The magistrate makes a gesture, and Funakoshi is caught from behind by the guards.*)

THE MAGISTRATE—Take this fellow away, and shut him in the cavern, where he may be silent.

O TOYO—This comes of our dissembling.

FUNAKOSHI—I alone am to blame, honorable lady.

O TOYO—I forget the blame, Funakoshi, my friend, Sayonara.

FUNAKOSHI—Sayonara.

O TOYO—Now am I indeed forsaken.

THE PUPIL—Oh, exalted judge, hear me now, for I have come to confess my guilt. It was I who broke the master's teapot, and hid the pieces in a well.

HOKUSAI—Ah, woe is me—it is broken?

THE MAGISTRATE—Why do you tell me this now? It confuses my judgment of this case.

THE PUPIL—I could not bear it that the honorable lady be unhappy.

THE MAGISTRATE—Let him go. (*Funakoshi is released.*) This is quite another matter. Honorable Lady, go on with the head of your father's enemy to the Temple, for surely this is a pious and a holy

mission. Hokusai, I do not find cause for complaint here between you and these august personages, but I advise that you beat this apprentice soundly.

HOKUSAI—It shall be done, exalted sir—soundly.

THE MAGISTRATE—Honorable Lady and my lord Funakoshi, I counsel haste. Sayonara.

O TOYO AND FUNAKOSHI—Sayonara. (*They go out.*)

BUCHI—Ha! Ha! You see! Our story moves!

The way has been a long way.

The snares and the mishaps have been many,

But to Funakoshi the hard road has seemed a meadow
of sweet grass,

To the feet of Funakoshi it has been as a soft carpet
of Spring flowers.

He could journey thus to the place where the light
winds kiss the green edges of the world.

Yet, in honor, he may not delay the hours

He may not stay their feet with lingering words of
love

And the hours are swift.

They are swifter than the little feet of O Toyo San,
And already the day approaches when she must honorably fulfill her promise,

When she must render back the head of the Prince of
Sendai to his own people.

These have been hours of haste and struggle and fear.
Poof! I blow them away. They are over.

When the screens part you will behold the sacred
court of the Temple at Kitoji

But now, alas, the hours have run out,

The retainers of the Daimio of Sendai are already in
the courtyard.

They demand the head of their master.

Hold, I must not tell all my story,

For the last time, I crave your honorable attention.

SCENE V.

A courtyard of the Temple, at Kitoji. A great image of Buddha ; priests with incense, etc.

FIRST PRIEST—It is an evil thing for our Temple
That the soul of Sugihara the Daimio cannot rest in it.

SECOND PRIEST—There is a knocking at the Temple
gate.

Do you go and see who comes.

*(The Second Priest goes out, and returns with Asano
and Oishi, with some of their retainers.)*

ASANO—Is this the Temple of Kitoji?

(The priests bow.)

OISHI—We are honorably come for the head of our
master, Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami, Prince of
Sendai.

FIRST PRIEST—We regret it most bitterly
We have not in our keeping the head of the Prince of
Sendai.

OISHI—This is incredible, that you have not the head.
Our venerable master performed hara kiri several days
ago,

His head was courteously taken by O Toyo San,
daughter of the Daimio Sugihara.

It was to be brought to this Temple.

It was to be this day returned to us.

We have here the receipt for the head.

(He brings out a paper, which the priests examine.)

FIRST PRIEST—It may be that the princess is still on
her way hither,

And that she will come soon.

Will you honorably rest yourselves?

ASANO—We will wait.

(They seat themselves; there is a long pause.)

It may be that we have done evil in not guarding the
little lady on her journey.
It is a dark thought that she may have lost the head.

OISHI—If she does not come, what shall we do then?

ASANO—She will come.
Do you remember how she faced our master?
She will come.

OISHI—Still, she is late.
Her revenge will be in vain.
We cannot allow her to keep the head longer.

ASANO—We have her bond. We may take the head at
once.

(Enter O Toyo and Funakoshi.)

Little Lady, we regret that your pilgrimage is in vain.
You have too late arrived at the Temple.
We demand that you give us at once
The head of our master, Matsudaira Mutsa No Kami.

OISHI—We are filled with sorrow for your father's
restless soul,
Little Lady, but we cannot wait longer.

O Toyo—My lords, I have traveled far, and am
wearied out.
I have kept this head by me most reverently.
I ask of you only a little time.

OISHI—It is impossible, little Lady.

O Toyo—Only a moment, because I have come so far,
And have faced such strange matters.
A moment, that my father's spirit may be at peace.

OISHI—It is impossible.
(She turns to Asano.)

O Toyo—My lord, if there is anything I might offer;
If there is anything I might give——

OISHI—Only the head of my venerable master, in-
stantly.

O TOYO—I only ask that it may lie for a moment on
his tomb,
That I may call my father's spirit to see it,
And then the hatred will be appeased.

OISHI—The one hatred might slacken,
But another would be enkindled. Give me the head.

FUNAKOSHI—(*Seizing the two counsellors from behind.*)

Go quickly, little lady. Pray your prayer.
These shall not stay you.

(*She runs out with the box. The two men struggle with Funakoshi, and at last break away from him; they draw swords and attack him, with two of their retainers, and he is forced back against the Buddha. The First Priest comes in.*)

FIRST PRIEST—Cease, and be silent.
You shall now await the coming of the most ancient
Abbot of this Temple.
Since you have defiled this courtyard with swords.

OISHI—Fall back. He cannot escape us.

ASANO—His life is ours. Let him rest.

(*Enter O Toyo, a rapt expression on her face. She sees the swords, and Funakoshi in a posture of defence. She runs over to him.*)

O TOYO—Ah, Funakoshi, my lord, my light!

FUNAKOSHI—Rest here, flower of the dawn.
It is but a little while we shall be troubled.

O TOYO—Do they seek vengeance upon you?

FUNAKOSHI—They will do what they will.
But our holy pilgrimage is done, little lady.
I have performed my service to you,
And I do not complain.

O TOYO—You have been my guide, my guardian,
My tower of bright steel,
The armor of my spirit.
I will not have it that they shall take your life.

FUNAKOSHI—Let it be as it is, O Toyo San.

I have walked beside you.

I have heard your voice when it was like the bells in
the temples of the thousandth paradise.

I have loved you.

It was for this I was destined by my ancestors.

I love you, O Toyo San.

I am content.

O TOYO—I cannot give you into the river of death,
For mine eyes are blinded with tears.

I cannot follow you.

FUNAKOSHI—I shall die honorably and in your service.

Lay your hand in mine.

Look forward.

I shall wait for you by the river.

O TOYO—You shall not wait long, Oh my strength!

ASANO—Funakoshi, we demand of you that you now
perform hara kiri.

FUNAKOSHI—I am obedient to you, my lord.

Let a proper mat be spread, and do you act as my
second, my lord Oishi.

(They start the preparations as in Scene II. Funakoshi and O Toyo cling to each other.)

O TOYO—My lord Oishi,

I pray you, let the sacred dirk be given quickly to me,
When my lord—

(She breaks off, sobbing. Oishi offers Funakoshi the knife on a tray.)

(Enter the Abbot of the temple, a very old and reverend priest, followed by a procession of other priests.)

THE ABBOT—I command you, stay.

A mighty miracle has been done here in our temple.

Lo, I tell you of a miracle.

The spirit of the Daimio Sugihara could not sleep.

The spirit could not rest.

His daughter, the honorable lady O Toyo San, has
brought hither the head of his enemy, the Daimio of
Sendai.